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THE

BATES



Number 4.



STUDENT

Sixteenth
Volume.

'89

W. R. M. D. C.



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THE BATES STUDENT.

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APRIL, 1888.

No. 4.

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EDITORIAL.

SOME months ago an article ap-
peared in the STUDENT to the effect
that we should soon have facilities for in-
dividual experiments in Chemistry. The
proposition seemed feasible and proba-
ble, and we all rejoiced. But that plan
has not been carried out. And why?

There is no study in the whole cur-
riculum that is entered into so heartily,
with so much ardor and zeal for under-
standing its length, depth, and breadth,
as this same study of Chemistry. We
may not all care to become professional
chemists, nevertheless the fact remains
that we do wish to push this study
while in college. It is what we like
and what we need, and is indispensable
to those who are going to be teachers
or physicians. A year at least should
be devoted to Chemistry, with sufficient
apparatus for individual work. The
professor who does all the talking and
all the experimenting usually also does
all the thinking. We want a chance
to think for ourselves and experiment
for ourselves, and it seems due to us
and to the college that such opportuni-
ties should be granted. Gladly indeed
should we welcome the new laboratory
that rumor has so long affirmed to be
coming.

WE have had articles, and editori-
als, and locals, lately, all con-
cerned about the gymnasium and ath-

letics in the interests of the gentlemen, but none of the arrangements will be of any practical advantage to the young ladies, except in so far as it is for the advantage of the general standing of the college.

About a year ago, or a little more, the matter of having a ladies' gymnasium was discussed, and some steps taken toward it, the Cyniscans providing themselves with a few pairs of Indian clubs and dumb-bells, but there were no accommodations for practice with these, as the chapel, which seemed the only available place, was crowded, and more than that was heated only a part of the time, so that all use of these even was discontinued after the first flush of enthusiasm had passed off, and now they are lying in "innocuous desuetude."

There is no reason why the young ladies should not take regular gymnastic exercise as much as the young gentlemen, and if they have not been educated up to feeling the need of it, there is the more reason why they should be obliged to. The Faculty have a right to regulate the course of study and the attendance upon religious services, etc., and they exercise these rights. It is as important that students come out of college with a strong constitution and well developed muscle as it is for them to come out with their brains filled with sines and co-sines, coronæ and calices, or to have a record of having attended three church services a day throughout their college course.

Then if we do have an instructor in athletics, the policy should be followed out and practice made compulsory among the ladies and gentlemen alike,

that we may send out men and women, and not mere figure heads.

IT is refreshing in this age, when everybody is running after property, to meet a man who won't run, either because he is tired, or because he has found something to look at that pleases him more. A continual fire used to be kept in the sacred temples, fed by vestal virgins; the continual fire which impels a young man to wear his clothes until, when he lays them aside, there is not quite virtue enough left to make a real good coat for his little brother; and the constant inspiration that impels a young man to buy very moderate neckties that he may purchase a book on a scientific subject. That fire and that inspiration which impels thus, I say, nay, I am quite positive, is fed by attendants who come from nearer heaven than did the vestal virgins. It is amusing, nay, there is pathos in it. Pathos! Aye, it is sublime to see poverty's offspring, at the time, even, when his board bill is due and he is not prepared to have it receipted, to see him then, calmly, delightedly, and not in the least disturbed, following up the progeny of the protoplasm, or exactly describing the epithelial tissue. It is less a wonder to me how cars run, how a blossom is one day a red-cheeked apple munched by a boy, how electricity in the pulsation of a heart passes into another land, or how the Pleiades make an image in the water, all less wonderful than that unquenchable love of knowledge which keeps a poor young man busy and happy in some apartment not at all remarkable for upholstery; an apartment

so arranged in the world that it can never be invaded by renown or affluence, or any document marked "Important from the Government." But nevertheless, don't be alarmed; don't be discouraged; you are all right. Men have died under purple coverlets less worthy of study and imitation than you are.

TOO much care cannot be taken in fitting for college. Many boys are of the opinion that if they are able to gain admission to a college, it is sufficient, but this is not so. If the boy or girl is not well prepared for college, the whole course will drag. It is much better to have more than the required studies, rather than not enough.

French and German should by all means be studied before entering college. Both languages have irregular verbs enough to frighten the beginner and to use up much of his time, unless he is as much of a genius as Mark Twain, and can "do the thing in six weeks." At least the first forty lessons in Otto's French Grammar, and as much in the German, should be learned; much of the drudgery will be done then, but enough will be left to keep up the interest.

The languages will be more interesting and much more good will be gained by the year's study given in the college to these languages. As it is, not much can be gained. The student is merely fitted to go on with the study, but if he has failed to be aroused to a sense of beauty in them, he will be likely to leave them on going out from college.

THERE are two studies, and those of the utmost importance, which are almost entirely neglected in the present arrangement of fitting school curriculums, and these two are Grammar and History. It is not too harsh a judgment to say that ten per cent. of our undergraduates would not be able to write an article containing two hundred words without making several serious errors in construction or agreement, and this, while it is often the result of carelessness, is frequently a case of absolute ignorance. Even if carelessness alone were the cause of these blunders they would be hardly more excusable. A student by the time he enters college ought to have been trained so thoroughly regarding the use and abuse of English that a grammatical error would grate on his ear as a false note does on a trained musician. And yet it is not an unusual thing for a university educated minister to say, for you and I, or to have a lawyer inform us that, one of many such cases have been cited.

Another study equally neglected is History. Many get a comparatively thorough knowledge of Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, and a smattering of the modern languages and sciences before they have a clear idea concerning the most salient points in the history of their own country, much less of the history of the European countries so closely allied to us. Harvard makes a complete course in this study, but almost all the smaller colleges disregard it entirely.

No scholar can make the principles of Political Economy or of Civil Gov-

ernment more than an abstract theory, who has not a knowledge of the causes and events which led up to the policies of to-day, nor ought a man to try to put into practice a theory until he has learned something of the needs of the country which lie back of this theory, and this certainly can not be gained without some understanding of the history of all civilized nations since first they had a history.

NEARLY every one has heard the contempt with which many speak of a slight acquaintance with art and science. How often is it the case that a normal school graduate is thought—and thinks himself—to be a finished scholar in the English language, though he has never studied an hour in another language. This is absurd to one that looks on the many sides of the English tongue. That language more than others needs a knowledge of many tongues to be fully mastered. But whatever branch of study be pursued it cannot be thoroughly mastered and appreciated unless its limits be considered. Unless one has studied music in some way, he cannot realize the amount of labor necessary to render well a piece of Mendelssohn. If one knows nothing of the difficulty of coloring and shading or harmony of colors he cannot fully appreciate the masterpieces in painting.

Of course something more than a "smattering" is desirable, but, in one life-time, it is impossible to gain a thorough knowledge of every science; yet every one will be benefited by the knowledge of the existence, at least,

of the sciences. The different branches of study are so linked together that it is difficult to tell where one begins and the other leaves off. One thing, and but one, may be followed with success, yet a man cannot give his whole attention and study to one thing without narrowing his mind to that one thing.

NOT long since conversing with an enterprising and successful business man, who resides in a neighboring city, he said: "My father, when I was a boy, taught me that if I was ever to accomplish anything I must work myself and be independent. I remember distinctly how I made a practical application of this when studying the old 'Greenleaf's National.' My twin brother and I sat in the same seat, and every available moment we devoted to ciphering. Unfortunate would it have been for one of us to have given the other any points. We were bound to master the book each for himself without help even from the teacher. There were, I believe, just four problems of which we were unable to obtain the correct results. That was the term when we learned Arithmetic. I tell you what young men most need is independence and willingness to work." Gradually our conversation turned to college life and our friend continued: "There are many who enter and complete their course with the idea that they are to leave college, educated men. I consider college as merely the alphabet, or at most not beyond the two-letter words, of a liberal education. A true student's work is but begun when he leaves his *Alma Mater*. The

wealth of the universe lies before him and he must make his fortune as much in a literary as in a pecuniary sense. I study harder every day now, notwithstanding my office work, than I ever did in college."

The gentleman who made these remarks is a good representative of the type of manhood that he describes. Starting in life with nothing but his "independence and willingness to work," he educated himself, became proficient as an artist, made an important discovery pertaining to his profession, and is now fast becoming wealthy. He is alive to all the problems of the day, and takes an active part in the administration of affairs in his community. Last fall he was candidate for mayor of the city where he lives. It is in such men as these who are alive to their needs and their opportunities, that America finds the stronghold of her free institutions.

LITERARY.

HEART WANDERINGS.

By J. I. H., '89.

Spirit of Nature,—with thee
I've wandered wheresoe'er my wish should lead.
In thy hid bowers, where fragrant incense breathes,
All decked with artless beauty, rich and strange,
Where scarce man's foot has trod, I've laid me down.
From thee I've learned full many a store
That ne'er in books was found.
To thee I've opened my full heart,
My cares, my hopes, my joys and fears,
And found that willing sympathy
So oft denied by man.
I ne'er have taught me how to bend the knee
Before the glittering pomp that gilds

The cankerous hearts of lead.
I ne'er have deemed the hollow plaudits,
That come from soulless tongues of men,
Worthy of e'en a passing glance of scorn,
Far less have thought to make, as some do
vainly strive to make
Them beaconing stars of fondest hopes.

I've sought, oh, sad remembrance!
How anxious have I sought
To find if there were one,
In all this multitudinous earth,
Could match the dreams that poets fain would sing.

Alas! would that I ne'er had wished to know,
For, like the fruit of that forbidden tree,
Such knowledge could bring but wretched pangs.

E'en the fairest form among mankind
May hide the seeds of chillest blight.

Yet one pure joy, and unalloyed,
Is left for me; to sometimes banish
From my sight and ear all forms or sounds
Of aught but joyous birds and winging insects,
Or laving streams, or whispering groves, the soft,

Articulate communion Nature holds
With her hid self. This is not solitude.
'Tis but to forget time and mortality,
And feel thyself a part of Eternity.
'Tis to inspire that gracious affluence
That floods in upon the soul,
From whence, it cannot know; but seems
As 'twere from 'cross the bounds of very Infinity.

This is to hear that still, small voice the prophet heard.

This is to stand before thy God,
And speak with him, face to face.
Blest Nature! such thou offerest every man,
Would he but heed thy winning voice.
Methinks that Heaven itself could scarcely grant us
More than we may sometimes find, e'en here below,
Should we but ope the door and bid the blessing in.

Oh! while this fleeting life shall last,
In every change of Fortune there may be,
Through each vicissitude of time and place,
Still may thy joys be ever fresh,
Thy riches ever new.
And when my last sad hour shall come,
As it must come to all on earth,

I'll joy to know that yet with thee
 My lot shall aye be found,
 And that, while empires moulder in dust
 away,
 While man wrongs man, and injustice rules
 this world
 With cheerless and bitter sway—
 That on thy bosom I shall rest,
 And still remain a part of thee, as I am now.

A WINTER NIGHT REVERIE.

An Allegory.

By J. I. H., '89.

MANY years ago there lived in a secluded castle a strange knight, named Hildebran. He had come with a small retinue of dependent knights suddenly and mysteriously from no one knew where, and had taken up his abode in halls which had been long abandoned to those malignant spirits that constantly delight in hovering about scenes desolate, but once enlivened by the presence of warm hearts and bright hopes. So greatly was this castle held in horror, that, although removed by its singular isolation to a considerable length from other habitations, that distance had been greatly augmented by the departure of many of the more neighboring families who had been constantly terrified by the frequent visits of the evil beings which, they averred, held nightly revel in the empty towers. Since the advent of the present habitant, the horror with which it had heretofore been regarded was by no means mollified, for Sir Hildebran had shown by neither word nor deed that his inclinations were any less untoward or repellent than those of his bodiless predecessors.

Many were the stories circulated

about this strange knight. Some said that he was a son of the former owner of this once hospitable castle, who had left it long years ago to seek a more congenial atmosphere in the sunnier climes and softer azure of the luxuriant South.

Others conjectured that the devil, having received highly commendable reports of his ministers in that region, had decided to visit the place and in person thank them for their ardor and promote the worthier of them to more honorable positions.

Still others affirmed, although their claims were hardly sustained by circumstantial appearances, that he was an agent sent by Heaven to redeem the benighted castle from the evil power of Satan.

Many other reports might be cited fully as conflicting, and, if anything, more improbable, in which the thoughtful reader can find no sufficient grounds for inducing him to put implicit confidence in any one of them.

One night there blew a terrific storm of snow. The storm-fiends, as if possessed with demoniac madness, raged with furious passion or laughed with insane delight. Within the great hall Sir Hildebran and his jovial companions were holding high revel. At no time had they striven to make merrier than now; for strange and hitherto unknown forebodings, which perhaps the dreadful moans and shrieks of the winds without had served to conjure up, had thrown over the spirits of all, unusual misgivings, to drown which, determined and not altogether unsuccessful exertions were made to pass the

time with more than ordinary hilarity. High tossed the brimming goblet. Rapidly rose their merry songs. Wit cut wit. Repartee and good-natured jokes and high vaunts and mirthful stories alike testified their willingness to lay aside all thoughts of past or future.

As the night advanced, however, the sounds of revelry began to die away; the flowing bowls were filled less and less frequently. The songs died away on the midnight air. The walls and ceilings no longer echoed to the loud shouts of the revelers. The gloom of the raving tempest once more began to throw its shadow over them. One by one they relapsed into silence, until no sound remained to be heard but the roar of the winds outside. They burst with fitful energy against the groaning gates and fast bolted doors, shaking them with savage violence as if imperiously demanding entrance. Repulsed on every side they retreated, sighing and sobbing, only to gather themselves for a more furious onset. The knights sat motionless at one end of the great hall, their eyes cast on the floor, troubled in heart at what they knew not, and half ashamed to communicate their unwonted fears to one another. The pale lights cast a solemn gleam over the stern countenances of the warriors.

Of a sudden the massive door of the donjon keep slammed with a heavy jar, causing the distant chambers and hidden recesses underneath to reverberate again and again with ominous sounds, and shaking the castle itself to its very foundations.

The startled knights lifted their eyes and glanced at each other in mute sur-

prise. Sir Hildebran's countenance seemed to turn a shade paler and his limbs to tremble visibly; for he, influenced by an ominous dread, had, just before night, ordered every gate, door, and shutter to be closed, and doubly fastened, and on no account were the bolts to be withdrawn until morning light had dispelled the unwholesome and storm-riven darkness. A nameless terror crept through the assembly, and not without reason; for in the farther end of the hall there seemed to be gathering up an impalpable gloom. The lights burned more dimly, seeming to be wrapt about in a darkling haze. Faint, scarcely perceptible shadows crept over the walls, swelling and melting in ever changing forms and fantastic appearances.

The winds which had hitherto seemed possessed with a wild ecstasy of unrestrained passion, became all at once subdued to dismayed murmurings, softly striving, as it were to find articulate voice, with which, at last, it presaged forth in faint, agitated whispers these boding words:

"We are the awful and dread shadows of eternity, destined to waver ceaselessly on these fate-stricken walls, while motionless you shall sit and feel sink into your souls a deepening horror of darkness. We have risen from realms of abyssmal infinitude where gleams a murky luridness trembling through the thick and gloom-weighted atmosphere. - Deep upon deep of measureless extent, and still below yawn bottomless gulfs. Undefined and voiceless dread is the omnipotent ruler of this boundless region. Shadows like

ourselves are ever quivering their wingless way through that unlimited solitude. Many men have thought to penetrate the solemn recesses and unveil the utmost secrets of the Dark Unknown. But brooding Mystery and changeful Glooms stand eternal guard, and ne'er shall surrender to mortal their sacred trust.

That realm, O Man, is the human heart. We are thy thoughts. Look and see if thou hast ever known anything more terrible than thyself, or hast ever fathomed depths more dark and fathomless than thine own soul.

COUNT TOLSTOÏ.

By F. W. O., '88.

THE first date of Russian history is 862 A.D. The inhabitants, having become involved in quarrels among themselves, resorted to arbitration as the means of settling their difficulties. The result was a despotic rule, which has lasted until now. A despotic rule of the severest sort, crushing everything that would enhance the public good. Now and then, however, there have been men that could and would help the people; but they have soon disappeared in Siberia, or from the earth.

But there has risen in this generation a man such as the world has not known before, and although liberty of the press, speech, and thought is denied Russians, his productions at the present time are read by more people than are those of any other author; and Russia, notwithstanding her despotic rule, has produced a literature inferior to that of no other nation.

Count Léon N. Tolstoï was born in 1828. He traces his ancestry to a Count Tolstoï who was a friend and companion of Peter the Great. His mother, too, was a princess of renowned family. He studied oriental languages and law at the University of Kazan. Then he entered the army, served in the Crimean war, resigned at its close and gave himself up to society and literature in St. Petersburg, enjoying to the full all which that luxurious and wicked city could afford. Finally, he left the capital for his estates. Here he has since lived the life of lowly usefulness, which he believes to be required of every Christian. He early began his career as an author, and during that terrible siege of Sevastopol published the most vivid description of a battle ever written. The great novel from his pen is "Anna Karénina." This work easily stands in the front rank of the great romances of the world. In this book he contrasts the frivolity, the tumult, and the vanity of the worldly life, with the sweet and holy calm enjoyed by those who, possessing the soil, live amid the beauties of nature and the pleasures of the family. Its moral lesson is wonderful.

One naturally asks: Why has Tolstoï, after having written these and several other quite as remarkable works, which have secured for him an unrivaled name, set out upon his present career, on the one hand to be extolled, and on the other to be denounced? I believe it is because God has entrusted to him a work of wonderful magnitude. You may say he is impractical. Among Americans he would be, but he lives

for a nation that is, at least, three centuries behind the times. Methods that were practical in Columbus' time are impractical with us. On the other hand methods that we term practical have been tried too often in Russia, and have failed. It has been fitly said: That the ruler of a country, even though he be fortified on the throne with wealth and power, is, nevertheless at the mercy of a child who has the wit to control and to utilize the sentiment of the whole people.

Tolstoi is no child, and he has a superabundant wit. He has engaged the attention of society to an unprecedented degree, and tens of thousands of the educated class read his books. But he now disclaims the name of author, and amuses millions of the common people with children's stories, where volumes are written between the lines. One of these works is "Ivan the Fool," which, when first written, was not allowed, by the censor, to be published. But Tolstoi recast it into a child's story, and all he wished to convey to his people went safely to them. He may not be understood immediately by the mass, but he has learned the lesson of the Russian convicts. These, when in solitary confinement, begin a series of tapplings on the floor or wall, in the hope of reaching some one by telegraphing; and sometimes, it may be after weeks and months of tapping, they are understood and answered. Tolstoi's simple stories are a series of patient tapplings, sure to bring a response.

It has been objected to his theory of non-resistance to evil, that it involves

absolute brutality in its application. Yet his harshest critics must admit that his relations with his family, which are the very best tests of a man's character, are everything such relations should be, cordial, sympathetic, and affectionate. When told of the cruelties practiced upon his countrymen, it is said his tears will often flow. Then he seems to receive strength from God, his own work is revealed to him, and he patiently awaits the end, knowing the time is not yet.

Non-resistance to evil is Tolstoi's creed. Resistance to evil is the creed of the terrorist. Siberia is full of people of all classes who undertook to resist evil by violence. Bitterness, misery, hatred, and bloodshed, have been the result, and the evil still exists, and to it has been added a mass of previously non-existent human suffering. Is not Tolstoi right, when he says: "Teach the people what they owe God, educate them, and every man will rise to his sphere without resistance?"

In the future, when it shall be asked how one man, with only his pen for a weapon, could transform an absolute despotism, if not into a democracy, yet into a constitutional monarchy, the answer will be: Count Tolstoi alone among Russian reformers dared to accept the simple teachings of Jesus Christ, and to apply them in every-day life.

SOURCES OF KNOWLEDGE.

By L. A. F., '88.

OUR sources of knowledge are as unlimited as the objects of the material and spiritual worlds. God has

so constituted the mind of man that it is affected by these various objects ; can learn something of rocks, plants, and stars ; of the influences that move men's minds ; can even learn to find in nature its God and judge of His attributes. If an intelligent child should spend his life alone in the wilderness, he would know something. How much, and of what sort, would depend on his mental capacity. But fortunately we are not obliged to live alone, but can gain much information from intercourse with men.

Facts of value, gained only with difficulty, were at first transmitted verbally from father to son ; then the art of writing came to aid the acquisition of knowledge. At length the knowledge already gained was partially classified, and schools established for its distribution. The truth that "knowledge is power" was recognized, and much time was spent in study. But, while in youth men studied what had previously been gained, in after life they sought new truth.

Our modern culture is the product of all past time. We cannot, in our short lives, learn all that has been won through centuries of toil, but we can learn the fundamental truths. We "always knew" the earth was round and moved, while the wisest men of past ages failed of this knowledge.

Although there have been vast accumulations of knowledge, yet we do not know all there is to know, or all that man can know. "They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast with Truth."

Of all the departments of knowledge there is none, perhaps, whose study is

more beneficial to mankind than that of the sciences. We say "the sciences," for although no single man can master them all, some knowledge of all is essential to the mastery of one. Six hundred years ago Roger Bacon said : "He who knows not mathematics can not know any other science, and, what is more, he cannot discover his own ignorance or find its proper remedies." This statement is as true to-day as it was then. Men of great mechanical genius fail to accomplish anything worthy of themselves through lack of mathematical training. Another advantage of scientific studies is that they are living studies. In whatever direction the student travels he soon comes to the end of the beaten track. If he goes further in that direction he must make his own way.

Since the sources of knowledge are practically innumerable, division of labor in its acquisition is necessary. Only in this way can the average scholar escape meriting Homer's description of the hero of whom he says : "Full many things he knew—and ill he knew them all."

Most men possess a natural bent toward some special study, following which they can really add to the world's knowledge. A few master minds comprehend the vital principles of all, their relations and inter-dependence. These are the weights that regulate the clock. Scattered through the ages are those creative minds that reveal to men sources of knowledge hitherto unknown. And now

"Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy, untaught

In schools, some graduate of the field or street,
Who shall become ———
An admiral sailing the high seas of thought,
Fearless and *first*, and steering with his fleet
For lands not yet laid down in any chart."

A REVERIE.

By M. S. M., '91.

Without, the world is locked in ice and snow,
And night is falling over hill and dell;
While shadows gather in the silent room,
And rest upon my spirit like a spell.

Within, it seems that for a little while
Stern Winter's icy arms relax their hold;
A spring-like warmth and sweetness fills the
room,
And growing plants their tender leaves unfold.

A window, wreathed in ivy, gives a glimpse
Of the white, silent world that lies outside,—
A world of shadows, peopled with the forms
That come to us in dreams at eventide.

And hush! soft chords struck by a skillful
hand,
With dreamy music fill the silent room,
And thoughts that music only can express
Are uttered in the softly falling gloom.

And a strong yearning wakes within my heart
For a sweet spot my happy childhood knew,
Smiling in summer loveliness beneath
A sunshine-flooded sky of purest blue.

I see a river winding down a vale,
Shaded by bending willows fresh and green,
With sweet wild roses leaning down to gaze
At their own beauty mirrored in the stream.

I hear soft voices calling me to come,—
Voices of sighing breeze, and bird, and bee,—
Music of a past world remembered still,
But a world closed forevermore to me.

Forevermore! The birds are singing still,
The tranquil river smiling in the sun,
But broken is the sweet enchantment now,
The fairy tale of childhood's joy is done.

Sunny and fair the present round me lies;
The golden future stretches out before;
And yet I turn away with wistful eyes
To that fair childhood I shall know no more.

STATESMANSHIP IN AMERICA.

The 18th Century versus the 19th.

By W. E. K., '89.

A RECENT writer analyzes statesmanship and finds it made up of undeviating patriotism, a scrupulous sense of honor, a keen insight into the feelings of the people, quickness in deciding, and a firm purpose. It is not the function of statesmanship *per se* to create or change public opinion, but to possess quick discernment to recognize public sentiment and draw it into legitimate channels.

The time was, when, if every selfish demand was not acceded, a declaration of war followed. In this respect the people sympathized with the rulers, and the question was decided by mere brute force. But during the last century a change has come over the convictions of the people. Human life is too sacred a thing to be sacrificed for anything but truth and honor.

The people of this country do not desire to be taxed to support an expensive navy or army. They believe that justice and honor are the best means of defense, and that all difficulties with other nations can best be settled by national arbitration. Those who aspire to rule this country will need large endowments of this insight into the convictions of the people. I do not mean to say that the people do not demand their rights. They do, and they expect their rulers to grant them; but they believe that there is a better way to secure these than by carnage and bloodshed. In the last part of the eighteenth century the great question that demanded statesmanship was the

question of civil and religious liberty. That this question afforded great opportunities for statesmanship, no one will deny. But if we turn to our own times do we not find questions that, in order to be decided justly, demand even greater statesmanship? This country is largely made up of persons of different nationalities. Many of these, stolid with ignorance and burning with hatred toward those possessing property, are determined to break away from all wholesome restraints. To take this heterogeneous mass of many millions, to guide and direct it until educational processes shall mold, change, and enlighten, requires a high order of statesmanship, for which there was no demand in the eighteenth century.

Catholicism has been growing until it seems only a question of time when it shall rule the country. Mormonism also has taken a strong hold. The traffic in intoxicating drinks is one of the greatest evils that ever cursed a nation. The people mean to know whether the saloons are to rule the country, or whether the county is to rule the saloons.

Who has not observed with solicitude the disturbed condition of the industries of the country, arising from the conflict between labor and capital? This strife must be dealt with wisely and temperately lest the common people become desperate and unparalleled destruction of life and property ensue.

Did even the exigencies of the War of the Revolution demand more imperatively the genius of statesmanship than do these questions of to-day?

Might not it be asked with more than ordinary solicitude, Who are sufficient for these things?

THE GREEK IDEAL OF HUMAN LIFE.

By W. F. T., '88.

THE regularity of the southern coast of Europe is broken by three peninsulas which extend far into the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean. Of these, Greece holds the highest place in the estimation of the world. Everywhere, and by unanimous consent, this little State receives a deference never shown to the mightiest of empires. What is the secret of her unquestioned pre-eminence?

It is universally admitted that in physical development the ancient Greek stood without a peer. Every exertion was made to produce a race physically perfect. To have been a victor in the games was regarded as the greatest honor a Greek could receive. Songs of triumph greeted him on his return to his native city, statues were dedicated to him, and he was afterward entitled to a foremost seat in all assemblies. When the two sons of Diagoras had each won the olive crown in the contests at Olympia, the multitude crowded about the old man, crying "Die now, Diagoras, for thou hast nothing more to wish for." Such spirit as this ensured to the Greek a grace, beauty, and suppleness of form that have been the wonder of the ages.

The physical model must precede the productions of the chisel and the brush. The two institutions that de-

veloped the human form, the Orchestra and the Public Games, prepared the way for that perfection in art which has made Greece so justly renowned. The Acropolis, with its lofty statues, and grand and beautiful temples, is still an object of wonder and admiration. Yet there is nothing complicated in these works; three or four elements of geometry suffice for the whole, but these are so skillfully combined that they are to-day the acknowledged masterpieces of the sculptor's art. By concentrating his attention upon clearness of outline, and a simple and natural arrangement of parts, the Greek has realized the highest ideal of excellence.

Of the fine arts, literature presents the greatest scope for the manifestation of the soul. Throughout the ages the divinity in man has found its earliest expression in literature. Universally its first productions have been divine creations. The lyrics of the Hebrews, the Zendavesta of the Persians, the Niebelungen Lied of the Teutons, and the Epic Cycle of the Greeks, are all the voice of God, speaking through his people. But to what does Greek literature owe its unquestioned superiority? Is it to a beautiful and picturesque mythology? No; for there are the Sagas of the North, and the Vedas of the East, affording even grander and more copious materials to the creative imagination. Does its sublime sentiment give a sufficient reason for its pre-eminence? No, for the divine souls of every age have had wrapped within themselves the germs of even greater thought. It is the literary style of these compositions that

has found for them such ready worshippers among every people. Simplicity, beauty, and conciseness of expression, have all combined to make every other style, in comparison with the Greek, seem heavy and forced. It is this that has given to Homer and Sophocles, to Pindar and Anacreon, to Plato and Aristotle, dwellings upon the mighty Olympus of literature.

It is asked why the Greeks attained to such wonderful grace and beauty of form? Why the Apollo Belvedere and Venus de Medici have been the models for Raphael and Angelo, for Rembrandt and Rubens, and indeed for all that have approached perfection in the fine arts of the world? Why Greek literature has been the Pierian spring whose crystal waters have been quaffed so freely by Dante and Cervantes, by Chaucer and Spencer, by Shakespeare and Milton? It is because the chief moulding force of the Greek's character which entered into all his productions, was an admiration of beauty, symmetry, and harmony.

In all the relations of life this ideal has secured the nearest approach made by the Pagan world to the spirit and institutions of Christianity. It made the Greek less cruel and treacherous, less dishonest and selfish, than the other races of early history. The heroism of Leonidas, the wisdom of Socrates, and the virtue of Æpictetus are among its fruits. It is this grand ideal of human life that has given Greece such influence in the past, that makes her such a power in the present, and that shall enshrine her in the soul of every future nation.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE FACE.

By A. C. T., '88.

"Go paint me an angel of glory,
To hang in the chancel here,"
Said the youthful bishop of Venice
To the youthful painter near.

So down through the quaint old city
Went the painter with eager pace,
Searching the town for a model,
For a child with an angel face.

And down in a peasant's cottage,
At play by the open door,
Was one whose radiant features
No trace of earth's sinfulness bore.

And the painter so skillfully painted
That painters of every race
Came for years to the city of waters
To study the heavenly face.

"Now paint me a demon of darkness,
To hang by the angel there,"
Said the bishop, grown aged and feeble,
To the painter with silvery hair.

And again through the quaint old city
Went the painter with thoughtful pace,
Seeking a man for a model,
With a sin-cursed, demon face.

And away in a wretched hovel,
Asleep on a pallet of straw,
Lay a man with such demon-like features
That the artist was silent with awe.

The wretched one rose from his pallet
To list to the painter's request,
And a strange and powerful passion
Seemed struggling deep in his breast.

Ah, Memory's phantom-like finger
Was beckoning back to the day
When he with the demon-like visage
Was the angel-like child at play.

Oh, features angelic, demoniac,
Relentless, indelible scroll,
Still have ye but dimly reflected
The lights and the shades of the soul!

The *Lewiston Journal* says that undoubtedly the Rev. O. B. Cheney, by unanimous consent, will head the Republican electoral ticket for Maine.

COMMUNICATIONS.

COLBY LETTER.

COLBY UNIVERSITY, April 5, 1888.

To the Editors of the Student:

It is with pleasure that I send you a brief account of our doings at Colby the present term. Many who taught during the winter session have returned, and together we are now laboring with zealous minds and happy hearts. Our enthusiasm is increased by a more liberal curriculum and a new professor in the department of Mineralogy.

Prof. W. H. Bayley, Ph.D., is a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, where he served for a time as instructor. He came here from Wisconsin, in which State he has been employed in the United States Geological Survey. The students feel much pleased with his manner of teaching, and undoubtedly will not be disappointed in their expectations of gaining valuable knowledge.

Chapel service is rendered much more attractive by reason of our new organ. A needed improvement, when apparent to our college officers, is soon realized; and this reminds me that an extensive work will be begun in a few weeks in grading the part of the campus east of the college buildings.

The Seniors have a new elective added to their list of studies, which is quite an advantage, especially to those intending to pursue a course in Theology. Prof. Mathews, a zealous scholar in his department, has instituted Hebrew, thus enabling them to enter the seminary in advanced stand-

ing. The Juniors take great interest in laboratory practice in Chemistry, which will be continued through the session.

The nine practice every day in the gymnasium, and the boys look forward with great interest to the coming campaign.

Very truly yours,

H. EVERETT FARNHAM.

My College Friends:

"Men seek to be great; they would have offices, wealth, power, and fame." They would have an influence. They would have an influence that shall be felt; an influence that shall live.

The first lesson for such to learn is this: a man's influence is measured by what he is. Error is for time. Truth is eternal.

In Switzerland, on the summit of one of those grand old Alpine mountains, is a clear, calm lake. The rains are not sufficient to supply its waters. The melting snows run off down the mountain sides and it is fed by no visible streams. Whence then can be its source? Far away to the north, and higher up among the mountains, lies another lake, in whose surface is reflected that majestic Alpine king, Mount Blanc, as it rises silent and stern, towering to the heavens in awful grandeur. From the center of this lake a subterranean stream flows down deep into the bowels of the earth, now under yonder ravine, down, down beneath that awful chasm, and then far away across those distant plains, till at last, rising higher and higher, it

finds its level and forms the lake on the mountain top.

A man's heart is like that reservoir; his influence like the underground stream. Human influence, like water, tends to seek its level. It may be covered deep in obloquy, forced under chasms of deepest hatred, buried beneath mountains of persecution, remain years and years under plains of contemptuous oblivion; but if the stream of that influence be fed from the great reservoir of right, somewhere, sometime it is sure to rise to the level of its source.

Emerson says: "Every act rewards itself." His saying is true. Every voluntary act creates character and leaves behind it a record of the man himself. This view of human action clothes it with sublimity and invests it with awful significance; but more awe-inspiring is the thought that upon the face of the earth to-day there is not a man the gravity of whose influence does not in some degree attract that of the great mass of humanity. Thus every man that leaves behind him the expression of great thought, the record of noble deeds, or the creation of a lofty imagination, aids civilization, elevates humanity, and crowns truth.

A deceitful, hypocritical influence cannot stand the test of time. Eventually there will appear bright in the heavens of each life, "A man's influence is measured by what he is."

Socrates died a condemned criminal, but Socrates's influence lives to-day, and that influence is measured by what the great philosopher really was.

During the first part of the sixteenth

century a lone man attacks, single-handed, the bigotry, hatred, and superstition of the most powerful despotism on the globe. Though threatened by the fanaticism of a continent, Martin Luther falters not. For three centuries the stream of influence from that heroic reformer has been slowly but surely rising, till at last it finds its level on the mountain top of our present civilization. Again in 1831, when slavery was grappling this nation by the throat, there stood forth a champion for the oppressed—a man without money and without friends, despised by the North, and bitterly hated by the South. That man, the David of the nineteenth century, fearlessly challenged the slave-holding Goliath to mortal combat. “Alexander,” says one, “was supported by a magnificent army; Cromwell had a host of sympathizing followers; Lincoln fell back upon the resources of a mighty nation, but William Lloyd Garrison, the butt of a nation’s ridicule and contempt, stood utterly alone. Years afterward, however, when that great lover of liberty was called to his last home, that same nation, together with four million dusky-browed mourners and the friends of freedom throughout the world, tenderly bore him to his resting place and wept over his grave.

Christ was of lowly birth; was scoffed at and spit upon during life, and at last, between two thieves, was put to death upon the cross; yet his influence has grown stronger with the centuries; has broadened and widened till with one acclaim the nations of the earth crown him Lord of all.

Socrates, the philosopher; Luther, the reformer; Garrison, the emancipator; and Christ, the Saviour, all were hated, oppressed, and persecuted; yet their influence lives in the world, and is measured to-day, not by their wealth, not by their position in life, but by what these men really were.

On the other hand, those who make evil the fountain head of their influence will likewise find their level. Like Belshazzar, they will see dread fingers writing in ominous characters: “Weighed in the balances and found wanting.”

If any man in this wide world would exert a powerful influence for right, then the reservoir of his influence must be high up among the Alps of God; up between those grand old peaks of Eternity, Truth, and Justice; then the waters of that reservoir, pure and placid, may reflect the towering grandeur, the awful sublimity of God.

To-day, the all-seeing eye of Truth glances into the most hidden resources of the human heart. “Hypocrisy is but the crescent of a waning moon,” and in the same sky, where it lingers as a ghost, “the sun of Truth is rising with God behind it.”

Be not deceived, my friends, God is not mocked, “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” Remember! “Common souls pay with what they do; nobler souls, with what they are.”

F. W. S., '86.

The students appreciate the neat and general good condition in which the reading-room is kept.

LOCALS.

Soothing and cheering are the notes
Gushing from countless merry throats;
And symphonies float on the breeze
Sung by the birds among the trees.

—*Transcript.*

An umbrella, a plug hat, a Senior.

Whitcomb is practicing for a pitcher.

Juniors are making preparations for Ivy Day.

April 5th, regular base-ball practice was begun in the gym.

Prof. Stanley's lectures in Philosophy are largely attended.

Why is it a student has such an antipathy against a formula?

J. H. Blanchard has returned to college after an absence of two terms.

Last vacation large and needed improvements were made in the basement.

The report that the campus was to be devoted to agriculture this season is not true.

Hon. C. W. Tapley of Farmington, N. H., has given \$1000 to found a scholarship in this college.

E. Whittemore, who has been seriously ill for four weeks, will return to college as soon as health permits.

Thomas Singer, who is raising funds for the college, is quite successful. It is probable he will graduate with his class.

It is hoped a college band will be organized this spring, and that some of the musicians will be enterprising for that effect.

Mr. J. I. Hutchinson has charge of the personal columns of the STUDENT,

during the absence of the editor of that department.

Professor (in Political Economy)—
“What do the Free-traders mostly want?” Student (who is a Protectionist)—“The earth.”

The sermon preached by J. M. Lowden before the students on the Day of Prayer for Colleges, is printed entire in the *Morning Star*, March 15th.

At the beginning of this year there was no prospect of a base-ball team, or any special athletics, and Thayer, Dorr, Mason, Worthly, and Graves left.

At a large expense, the Senior class procured the celebrated architect, Abraham Messrour to design their hats; they are modeled after the ancient Egyptian *amphora*.

The general spirit in all departments of the college work is active and enthusiastic. Hard and cheerful work is being done in departments of study, athletics, and literary societies.

Mr. W. N. Prescott, who has been in Portland during the past year, is now engaged in the drug business with the successor of Teague & Hale, Lewiston. We gladly welcome his return.

Johnson, '88, and Call, '89, at 5 o'clock pleasant mornings, can be seen delightedly explaining to the Sophomore young ladies the difference between the grass finch and the song sparrow.

Prof. Stanton slipped upon a piece of ice and fell heavily upon his side, and has been confined to his bed several days from the injury. Every one

in the college will be glad when he is around again.

The class in Ornithology began their studies April 4th. They report finding the following birds: Blue Jay, Downy Woodpecker, Tree Sparrow, Red Poll, Crow, English Sparrow, Song Sparrow, Fox Sparrow, Slate-colored Junco, Bridge Peewee, Robin, Marsh Hawk, Purple Finch, Grass Finch, Blue Bird, Loggerhead Shrike, Cow Blackbird, Pine Finch.

A soliloquy at sunrise:

How strangely still is the morning cool;
How strangely dark was the ebon night;
When spookish forms moved to and fro
Impalpable to sense of sight.
A holy calm rests over all,
As if by angels' presence blest.
Sleep on, O Prof., haste not to wake,
The wily Soph. has stole the test!

The following members of the Sophomore class have received prizes for observation of the winter birds: F. L. Day, W. F. Garcelon, G. F. Garland, G. H. Hamlen, E. W. Morrell, H. V. Neal, F. B. Nelson, C. J. Nichols, A. N. Peaslee, W. J. Pennell, F. S. Pierce, H. J. Piper, Miss J. L. Pratt, C. S. F. Whitcomb, Miss M. V. Wood, W. H. Woodman.

We are pleased to print the following: "The School of Expression, 15½ Beacon Street, Boston, has received endowment for a lectureship from Mr. Henry Irving, and many other promises. A summer term will open July 9th, for college students, public speakers, teachers in colleges and high schools, and others. There will be ten hours a day, from which work can be elected, with beginning and advanced

courses. The methods and work of the school are commended on all sides, so that all who have become acquainted with it say that it is the foremost school of oratory in the country. The catalogue will be sent free." The above is an excellent school, and will probably be patronized the coming summer by several students from Bates.

The prize declamations of the Sophomore class were held in the college chapel, March 21st. Following are the participants: F. S. Pierce, Dora Jordan, H. B. Davis, Mary F. Angell, W. F. Garcelon, G. H. Hamlin, C. J. Nichols, F. L. Day, M. V. Wood, A. N. Peaslee. Miss Jordan was awarded the prize. Miss Wood received especial mention from the committee.

The Senior Exhibition, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church, March 23d, was unusually interesting. The following is the programme:

MUSIC.

TRIO.—"Stars of the Night."

PRAYER—MUSIC.

SOLO—Mrs. Young. "Dream."—*Strelyki*.

The Immortals of Literature.

A. C. Townsend.

Changes in American Character.

J. H. Johnson.

The Greek Ideal of Human Life.

W. F. Tibbets.

Tolstoi.

F. W. Oakes.

MUSIC.

DUET—Misses Campbell and Rice. "Maiden Song."—*Blmernd*.

The Minister as a Public Leader.

R. A. Parker.

The Latent Issue.

G. W. Snow.

Hindrances to Originality.

Lucy A. Frost.

Will or Environment?

C. C. Smith.

MUSIC.

SOLO—Miss Rice. "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose."—*Foot*.

The Monastery as a Symbol of Culture.

M. Grace Pinkham.

The Mission of Emerson. C. W. Cutts.
Does Happiness Increase with Culture?

S. H. Woodrow.
Is the Right of Suffrage Sufficiently Restricted
in the United States? E. F. Blanchard.

MUSIC.

TRIO—"Lift Thine Eyes."—*Elijah*.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'69.—L. C. Graves is pastor of the church in Bowdoinham.

'72.—E. J. Goodwin is having signal success at Newton (Mass.) High School. The position is one of especial difficulty, and the salary is larger than any other of the same grade outside of Boston.

'72.—J. A. Jones is doing Civil Engineering for the city of Auburn.

'73.—Rev. Miss Haley, the second lady graduate from a New England college, is conducting evangelistic services in Augusta.

'74.—Rev. Thomas Spooner has resigned his pastorate at Farmington, N. H., and accepted a call to the Free Baptist Church in Lawrence, Mass.

'76.—Rev. G. L. White, of Brunswick, has accepted a call to become pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Farmington, N. H.

'77.—N. P. Noble has a lecture on "Temperance" that has met with great popular favor.

'78.—Rev. F. D. George, missionary to India, is returning home on account of the illness of his wife.

'77.—C. M. Sargent, of Boston, is one of the victims of the recent order of the governmental administration to reduce the number of custom house employees.

'81.—C. S. Haskell has been promoted to the principalship of the high school in Jersey City, N. J.

'81.—W. T. Perkins, as manager of a Loan and Trust Company at Bismarck, Dak., is soliciting eastern capital for mortgage loans.

'81.—C. A. Strout has resigned as principal of the high school at Farmington, N. H., to go to Ipswich, Mass.

'82.—P. G. Eaton is teaching English in Ritterhouse Academy, Philadelphia.

'82.—Rev. C. E. Mason has received a call to Essex Street Church, Bangor.

'82.—L. F. McKenney is principal of a high school at Cape Cod, Mass.

'83.—C. E. Sargent is in the employ of Dickerson, the publisher.

'84.—Holden is in the Harvard Medical School.

'85.—William B. Small, M.D., has been appointed physician at Randall's Island Hospital, New York, having received the first honor at a competitive examination for the position.

'85.—Jenness is in Boston University Law School.

'85.—C. A. Scott has been elected principal of a school in Leominster, Mass.

'86.—Bonney, of Hyde Park, Mass., is in the city, visiting Mayor Little.

'86.—A. E. Blanchard will deliver the memorial address at East Wilton, this year.

'86.—Flanders is employed in a freight depot of the Chicago, St. Louis, and Milwaukee Railroad.

'86.—H. M. Cheney is doing editorial work in Newport, N. H.

'86.—W. N. Prescott is studying

pharmacy at the establishment of G. M. Allen, Lewiston.

'86.—F. H. Nickerson is principal of the Dexter High School.

'86.—Wentworth, who has been sick in Boston, is improving.

'86.—Hartshorn is supervisor of schools at Laconia, N. H.

'86.—Williamson is studying law at Madison, Wis.

'86.—Morton is in the New York School of Physicians and Surgeons.

'87.—McWilliams has been elected a member of the Lewiston City Council.

'87.—Roberts is principal of Athens Academy.

'87.—Woodman is engaged with the Publishing House of Horace Partridge & Co.

'87.—Bailey has been elected third on the Faculty of Talladega College, Talladega, Ala. He is Acting President and Professor of Mathematics.

THEOLOGICAL.

'89.—Sandford will remain another year at Topsham.

'89.—Lowden is supplying at Canton.

'90.—Rogers is holding extra meetings where he has been spending his vacation.

'90.—Peare will not return to his class this term.

STUDENTS.

'88.—E. F. Blanchard is principal of the high school at Sutton, Mass., at a good salary.

'89.—Miss Little is first assistant at South Paris High School.

'89.—Edgecomb has been teaching at Leeds Center.

'90.—Record is principal of a high school in South Paris.

'90.—Miss Brackett has been teaching at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia.

'91.—McDonald will finish his course with '92.

'91.—Stevens has left college.

'91.—Richardson will preach at Brunswick during the spring and summer.

POET'S CORNER.

The breezes the story is telling;
The birds sing it out all the day;
The brook from the mountain springs welling,
The song of life singeth alway.

Brook, bird, breeze, and blossoms that spatter
The fields,—air, and water, and sod,
All tell, plain as day: *Life is matter*
Just touched by the finger of God.

—Tuftonian.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

You ask my name and something more.
I scarce know what 'twill be.
'Twon't matter much—an autograph—
'Tis all the same to thee.

But could I write indelible
One word within thy soul,
'Twere worth of life, I think, the half.
Ah! yes, 'twere worth the whole.
A. L. S., '89.

Oh wind, that blows to East, to West,
That drifts the snow, and drives the sleet,
Blow spring across the southern hills,
Blow violets up beside the rills,
And make them sweet.

Blow beautiful the bare brown boughs,
Blow hints of life in growing things;
The earth is longing overmuch,
Oh, touch her gently with the touch
Of by-gone springs.

Blow back the olden blue of sky,
The olden rapture with the new;
Blow back the joy delayed so long,

The bluebird with its thrills of song
Like Heaven heard through.

Oh wind, that blows to East, to West,
That drifts the snow, and drives the sleet,
Blow spring across the southern hills,
Blow violets up beside the rills,
And make them sweet. —*Ex.*

YOUTH.

How fondly inexperienced youth
Looks forward to his future life!
His hopes are high for honor's crown,
His thoughts with wealth and fame are rife.

As when a new-made ship sails forth,
Untried by stormy winds and sea,
With smooth-drawn sails still snowy white,
And deck from stain of cargo free.

—*W. L. N., '90, in West Pitch Echoes.*

Life is one vast panorama,
Picturing before our eyes
Scenes that noblest thoughts awaken,
Scenes we view in glad surprise.

If we seek flaws in the canvas,
Think the light too dim, too bright,
Or if, other faults discov'ring,
Discontentment mars our sight,

Then will all the heavenly beauties
Through our blindness be concealed;
In which, generous hearts and noble
Find God's glories lie revealed.

—*B. A. W., '89.*

WITH SOME ROSES.

Roses for the Rose!
They're not so soft and white
As the round cheek 'gainst which they lie
All delicate and light.

Roses for the Rose
To nestle in her hair;
Your breath is sweeter, too, by far
Than all their fragrance rare.

Roses for you, my Rose,
Pure as December snow,
And the pink flush within their hearts
Is the flame of my love below.
—*Dartmouth.*

A KISS.

Forgive it, dear, that I upset
The modern forms of etiquette,
But thy dear face, fair beauty's shrine,
Was just a bit too close to mine:
Sometimes, you know, love will forget.

Your beauty o'er my prudence won,
I hardly know how it was done;
That *accident* when our lips met—
Forgive it, dear.

You smile, your eyes with laughter fill,
Yet you are silent—waiting till—
I shall at length perhaps see through it—
Ah, yes! you meant that I should do it—
You know you did—and so you will
Forgive it, dear.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

THE JUGGLER.

A mountebank amidst a crowd
Thus cried aloud—
“Walk up, Messieurs, and try the cure
For every evil men endure!
It is a powder which will give
All things for which you strive and live.
To fools it gives intelligence,
And to the guilty innocence.
Honor on rascals it bestows,
And to old women brings young beaux;
Secures old men young, pretty wives,
Makes madmen lead well-tempered lives—
In short, whatever you would gain
It will assist you to attain.
It is a perfect panacea.”

The juggler's table I drew near
This wondrous powder to behold
Of which such miracles were told.
It was a little powdered gold!”

—*The Fables of Florian, from “Literature.”*

EXCHANGES.

Perhaps no article this month has
attracted so much attention in the
sanctum as “The Saphic Cipher” in
The Dartmouth. The serio-comic nature
of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy
makes such a caricature peculiarly per-
tinent. The wit displayed is clean

cut, and the writer has made just enough semblance to seriousness to produce the best effect upon his readers, just as the maker of a joke is sober himself that he may convulse with laughter his listeners.

The March number of the *Dalhousie Gazette* contains two excellent literary articles; one on "The Poetic Interpretation of Nature," and another on "Education."

The Aegis is a sensible, well-conducted magazine. Probably no better criticism can be passed upon it than that recently made by one of its own editors, namely, that the magazine is deficient in poetry and lacks an exchange column. With its many editors, there seems to be no good reason why it should long be deficient in these respects.

The last two numbers of the *College Rambler* indicates enterprise on the part of the editors. The editorial and local departments are replete and attractive. If any department needs strengthening, it is the literary. The articles on Defoe and Shakespeare are good, but one such article in a magazine seems hardly sufficient. The editors are doing their duty; their fellow-students ought to appreciate this fact and contribute more freely in way of literary matter.

The *Oberlin Review* contains some good articles; however, an occasional stroke of humor would agreeably relieve the monotony of its entire goodness. A succession of prose pieces, however excellent, at length becomes tiresome, unless something lighter now and then affords relief.

Among our high school and academy exchanges *The Stranger* takes good rank.

LITERARY NOTES.

[*Literature*, a weekly magazine, \$1.00, and other publications by John B. Alden, 393 Pearl Street, New York.]

The thoughtful mind sees in the existing struggle between labor and capital a deeper significance than would at first be suggested by the outward manifestations.

Strikes, land theory agitations, and communistic disturbances appear to be, in the divine plan of progression, the forces that are calculated to compel people to think for themselves upon the laws of political economy, and thus through their increased intelligence to fairly solve the problem for all time. Hence ours is undoubtedly the age and country of the dissemination of principles of practical economics among the common people. May there not be likewise something of significance in the advent of cheap literature at just this time when the popular mind is in an inquiring and a receptive mood?

The old saying is fulfilled: "For a song ye can have what ye will." All the rich accumulations of ages are within the reach of the poor man.

Noticeable in the *New England Magazine* for March are "Florida for the Winter," "The Baptist Denomination," and a novel, entitled "Breaking the Spell." The *New England* comes late after the others have been received and read, and is, in its quiet way, very welcome.

This is *Outing's* announcement for April: "Outing for April begins the twelfth volume, and as an initial effort of the new management is an earnest supporter of the great improvements sure to come to this handsomely illus-

trated magazine of recreation, travel, and adventure. The opening paper, "A Raid into Mexico," is an exciting description of a soldier's frontier life, enriched by Remington's best artistic efforts. "A Colorado Comedy" is one of the best stories ever published on Western life, and is alone worth the price of the number; Henry F. Keenan, the author of "Bread-winners" and "Money-makers," is the writer. "California Quail" is a charming bit of bird painting in words, to which Beard, the great American draughtsman of animals and birds, has added very much by his life-like drawings of the beautiful bird. Captain Blackwell entertains by his reminiscences of "Irish Sport." "Canoe and Camp" makes one anxious for the days of June. "A Fisherman's Story," by Hough, kindles the angling fire, and Will H. Wyhte adds to this feast for the sportsman an excellent and richly illustrated paper on "The Montreal Athletic Association," one of the most flourishing amateur athletic bodies in the world. Julia C. R. Dorr and Joel S. Benton contribute poems—names that have not heretofore graced the pages of the *Outing*,—and monthly records and editorial miscellany stamp April *Outing* as the best number ever issued. Price, 25 cents a number, or \$3.00 for the year, at the new *Outing* Office, 239 Fifth Avenue, New York."

The April numbers of the more pretentious monthlies—*Century*, *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, and *Popular Science* are also here with their generous funds of information. Among the students the latter, of course, is the favorite with

those of an economic and scientific turn. The *Atlantic* pleases those partial to literature; and the preferences of the artistic are about equally divided between *Harper's* and *Century*.

The opening article in the *Popular Science Monthly* is, "College Athletics and Physical Development," by Prof. Richards, a subject at once attracting attention from college men. The frontispiece is a picture of David A. Wells, which is accompanied by an interesting sketch. Every young man might read the sketch with profit. "A Struggle for Existence" is a valuable paper by Huxley. It seems superfluous to say *Prof. T. H. Huxley*, as it does to say *Mr. Joseph Cook*. There are many other interesting pieces, sixteen in all, making a number of more than usual merit.

Besides the regular serial stories and the historical paper by John Fiske, the striking features of *Atlantic* are, "Ferdinand Lasalle, the Socialist," a criticism, "Mr. Lowell's New Poem," and "Darwin's Life."

In *Harper's*, E. A. Bridgeman begins his charming description of "A Winter in Algiers"; illustrations are by the author. "Studies of the Great West," "The Leavenworth School," and "Acting and Authors" are also articles of more than ordinary interest. The latter has an application to outside the theater, and any public speaker will do well to note and study the author's theory carefully, which is summed up in this: "Everything ought to start from truth; everything ought to tend toward the ideal."

In the *Century* the article of keenest

interest to our students is "Bird Music: The Bluebird and the Robin." Just now these birds, with the song sparrow and purple finch are furnishing us with their exquisite morning concerts, and even as we read we can hear them from our window singing those very notes, as if they had peeped over our shoulder and pilfered them. "From Dan to Beersheba," with its profuse and artistic illustrations is worthy of more than a passing glance even from the much-hurried college student.

POTPOURRI.

THE TWINS.

By C. D. B., '89.

JACK (*up stairs in his room*).

I've been a fool! I see it now; I might have known
That all this would not last! and now they are all flown,
My joys, my hopes, my plans, all, every one, are o'er,
Withered in my heart like sea-weed cast upon the shore.
But how I loved her, though! she was my very life.
Her falsity strikes home to my aching heart like a knife.
An hour ago all things had butterfly wings, methought;
But now—well, I would not give a cent for the thought.
Down by the billow's side upon the yellow strand
Of old ocean wide I saw them walking hand in hand.
Oblivious they seemed to all things that round them were;
His bowed head touched her hair; and, O heaven! he kissed her.
Like living fire my blood ran boiling through my veins;
I felt as strong as a Titan; should I give free reins

To my wrath, and tear him limb from limb,
and that face of his
To powder grind? No, I didn't forget a God there is.

Why should I harm him, though? Why but a plaything's he
That she, tired child, 'll soon cast aside as she has me.
We men are simpletons all; we see a pretty face,
And after it we go, like the wind, like the steed in the race.

A thousand curses on the sex! since Eve forsook
God's law, and from the tempter the fatal pippin took,
It's been a ban to man. With gentle smiles she won my heart,
Now she with harpy fingers rends its strings apart.

Kate! Kate! thou siren creature! may remorse from this hour
Eat within thine soul as the canker-worm within the flower!
But, bah! she's worth no thought of mine! I'll not let men
See me tied to a woman's apron-strings again.
I'll go back to my book, and I'll show the world 'fore long
That there are things that to this life of ours belong
Besides woman's smiles.

KATE (*at the foot of the stairs*).

Jack! Jack! are you up there?
Come down, I've something I wish to tell you, my dear!

JACK.

The double-dealing cheat! She don't dream that I know
Of her duplicity; she will soon find out, though, I'm on to her little game; but then, what will she care?
'Tis her delight and joy us poor fools to ensnare.

KATE.

Look here, I know you are up there, come down, I say.
By the way, my Jack, my sister has come to see me to-day;
As two peas in a pod as much alike are we,
If you do not believe it, just come down and see.

JACK.

Great Jove! What does this mean? Is she true after all?

'T was her sister I saw on the beach; I see it all.

KATE (*coming up the stairs*).

I will see whether he is there.

JACK.

She 'll think it queer
To see me flurried, and in this way things
scattered here.

KATE (*entering*).

Why, what's the matter, Jack? Why didn't you answer me?

Why your're a very fright! Your room—

JACK (*confused*).

Well Kate, you see,
I'm fixin' things a little—

KATE (*interrupting*).

"Fixin' things," why Jack,
I think, of madness you have had a bad attack.

JACK (*alone*).

Oh! Off my aching heart is lifted—what a weight!

What she said, though, was almost true, my darling Kate.

I've been mad, nearly, during these last minutes ten;

I will think twice before I take such a leap again.

Methinks Diogenes wasn't far out of the way,
Who 'stead of being disquieted, in any way,
At fame of Phillip's attack, his tub to roll began.

Well, well, one hour of pain brings ten of joy to a man.

PANEGYRIC.

BY X. PONTIFEX MAXIMNS, '89.

Friends of the Departed! *Abiit, excessit, evadit, erupit*. Poor, patient, gentle, noble, angelic Anna is defunct. She has left this vale of sorrow, anguish and woe, and has passed on in a parabolic curve, past the principal parameter which separates the heavenly land from ours. She has made her nearest approach to the directrix of our terraqueous spheroid, and has

passed over, with majestic momentum, to the firmament of jasper, where she calmly awaits the great and final test, and we doubt not that when she stands before the Great Professor, and hears the result of her stupendous exertions for right and equity, her soul will become radiant with felicity as she hears the proclamation that she has completed the examination with an excellence deserving of laudatory commendation for herself, and for the sublime and transcendental institution that has sent her, in this triumphal orbit, to visit us in our loneliness and our longings for empyrean cognition, and as the Registrar of the Ethereal University shall dip his pen in the sunlight to inscribe the rank of the graduates of this terrestrial mundane sphere, he will unhesitatingly and ineffaceably imprint in the cerulean ether, above all competitors, the appellation of the heroine, the preceptress, the disciplinarian, ANNA LYTICS. I intuitively understand that the anguish of most of us is almost absolutely uncontrollable when we contemplate the solemn reality, that as the moments of time have passed in continuous procession, our Anna has volatilized by contemporaneous infinitesimal decrements, until she has become a transcendental function of the Ethereal University, the halls of which she may forever perambulate in the beautiful paths of the cissoid, the conchoid, the lituus, the cycloid, or the lemniscate, while we must be satisfied with following, if we follow at all, only in the paths of asymptotes to those majestic circumvolutions. But I earnestly beseech of you to restrain the outbursts of your

sorrow for this obdurate bereavement, for I prognosticate before this assembled multitude, and in the presence of these august witnesses, that the name of our Anna shall descend to succeeding generations gloriously enrolled on the records of perpetuity and glory.

Yes! It shall live on and shine in dazzling brilliancy, when the world-renowned names of Diogenes, of Themistocles, of Symmachus, and of Erastriatus, shall be disembogued into the forgotten regions of unsearchable oblivion. In no age of the world has such a lofty character risen up to illumine the pages of history. Were I to attempt the elucidation of the excellent qualities of the dear departed, you all understand that it would be like an attempt to paint the sunbeams. Nevertheless inasmuch as it has been my solemn privilege and my chosen prerogative to watch by her couch until the final disintegration of soul and body, caused by that hydra-headed monster who has so infamously separated the perishable and corruptible part of her corporeal system from the imperishable and incorruptible, I will attempt, notwithstanding the incompleteness and imperfections of my vapid and non-puissant phraseology, which is comparable only to the hallucinations of a desultory and ubiquitous somnambulist, to bring before your imaginations, for future contemplation some infinitesimal differential of her immeasurable excellency. As the primal period of our association with her was approaching its termination, we were informed by our instructor of the superiority of Anna as a disciplinarian of

the intellectual faculties, and in accordance with our desires to harmonize with his amicable suggestions, as well as to act in accordance with his oft recurring exhortations, many of us with unusual alacrity determined to invigorate our intellects by subsequent intimacy with the invincible guardian of mathematical efficiency. Consequently we were frequently led to a continuance of our researches after the superabundant erudition, comprehended between her voluminous pages, longer than the chivalrous Pyramus, penetrated by the coruscated darts of Cupid, would have prolonged those pleasurable and delectable reciprocities at the habitation of his amiable Thisbe. Therefore we have demonstrated the phenomenal veracity of all the judicious, discerning, and Socratical declarations concerning Anna, and have also found that the conglomeration of her inconceivably excellent qualities is utterly incomprehensible to any except the most highly educated.

And now to conclude my unsophisticated and possibly soporific exposition of her unimpeachable and incorruptible character, let me exhort you, when the pyre, redolent with oleaginous libations, shall burst forth into incandescent conflagration, not to disturb the tranquility of the whispering zephyrs with lugubrious lamentations. For I declare unto you that the virtues of Anna are immortal, and surviving the inanimate ashes in which they were formerly incarcerated, they shall be hung upon the gleaming constellations and shine forever in odoriferous and immaculate effervescence as her eternal, spontaneous and exoteric commemoration.

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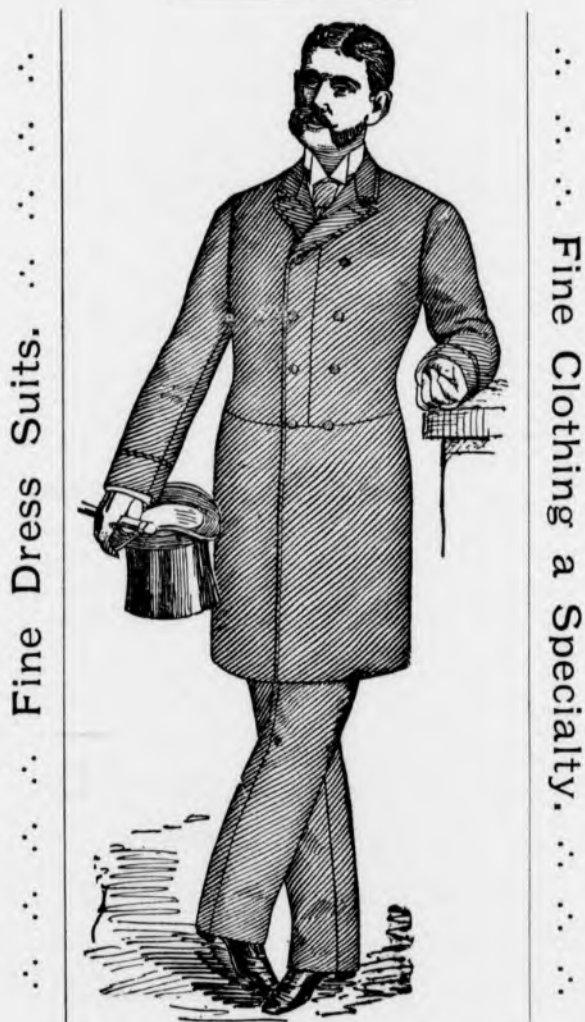
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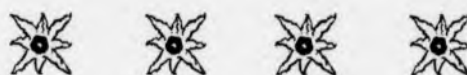
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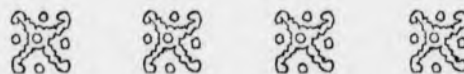
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